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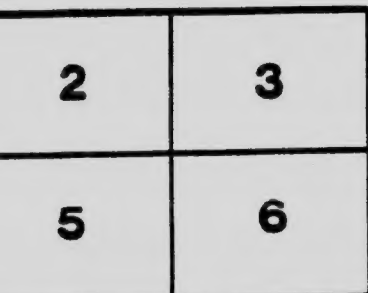
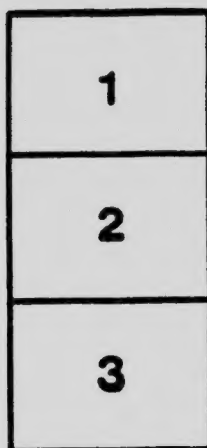
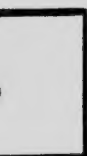
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Ballads

... of an ...

Old Soldier

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By J. Walsh

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April, 1919.



Ballads

... of an ...

Old Soldier



By J. Walsh



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Preface

This little book is dedicated to my father whose wise counsel and kind advice I ignored until it was too late for them to benefit me. He is a man beloved by all his friends and respected by his neighbors. A man who can converse on any subject and in more than one dialect. A gentleman of the old school. A man who fears God and honors the King.

Contents

BIOGRAPHY.

SEMPER FIDELIS—POEM.

THE OLD SOLDIER SPEAKS—POEM.

HAPPY DAYS—POEM.

MY LITTLE LOVE AFFAIRS—POEM.

DEAR OLD PALS OF THE NORTH—POEM.

SONGS THE BOYS USED TO SING (In the Trenches)—POEM.

REVERIES OF AN OLD TIMER—POEM.

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BIOGRAPHY.

I was born on the 25th of June, 1890 and was raised near Carlisle on the border of Scotland. I often used to sit and gaze towards the distant hills and wonder if I would ever see the big outside world and I have seen it too, believe me. I have been a soldier, sailor, student and gold miner. I have been a mounted policeman, a machinist and a prospector and fire-ranger, a cook and also an actor. I have been through big bush fires, floods, cyclones, sandstorms, storms at sea and on land.

I went to a college but it did me no good;
Because I had to go up to a lumber camp and cut wood
I have worked for an Englishman and I have worked for a French-
man;
I have worked as a machine-hand and also as a Bench-man;
I'm just giving you an idea friends what I have done;
Perhaps you think I am doing this just for fun;
In the Cavalry I learnt many good tricks;
But the best one I learnt was how to do fatigue work;
I was shown what to do with a horse when it kicks;
The Army; my friends is the place where you won't SHIRK;

Well, when I left the Army (Lancers) and as I was going through the gate of the Barracks, the Regimental Band was playing see THE CONQUERING HERO COMES—well, that was all right, but the best of it was they weren't playing it for me. They were playing for LORD ROBERTS, returning from South Africa. I won't say anything about the Great War—I might get in trouble you know although I think I could say a few things if there was nobody listening.

I might tell you that I have been a Broncho-Buster. There's two things I know how to handle—HORSES AND WOMEN and then some.

There is no need I think for me to tell you that I have travelled all over this little world and up to Auchtermuchty i' the Hielands o' Scotland too.

I only met one girl in my travels that I really cared for and she lives in the little Town of Oshawa, Ontario and she doesn't care for me so what's the use of worrying about it, I'm not.

Well I guess this is the end as the old farmer said when the bull kicked him on the ear.

LE BON TEMPS VIENDRA.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

Oh give us Lord more great men like the late Sir Wilfred Laurier;
 Who can direct this Nation's destiny and pave the golden way;
 To happiness and prosperity, so that our beloved land
 Among the Nations of this earth—on a pedestal might stand.

We have done our share in France and in Belgium—too—you
 know;

And we will do our share in the world's commerce—with others
 here below;

Oh Heaven grant that in years to come our children all will see—
 How Canada made history—in the land of the Fleur-de-Lys.

She will build big ships and engines too and take her place in
 the Van—

As she took it at Ypres, Langemarck, the Marne and other places
 where the Hun ran—

Away; and threw down his weapons, beaten, humiliated and in
 an awful hurry—

To get away from the Boys; who were fighting under the leader-
 ship of Gen. Currie.

And in years to come—when times are good—and we are enjoy-
 ing prosperity;

May we never forget that Thy guiding hand was the One that led
 us to Victory

We cannot shape our Destinies, they are in Thy hands, O Great
 Creator;

And as for Germany—why—in future; all the rest of the world
 will hate her. L

We are thankful too that in the past we have always known
 good times;

And we joyfully wake on the Sabbath morn—when we hear the
 Chimes—

Of the bells in the house where Thou dost reign and were Thy
 presence is felt

And we will go to worship like good Christians: English, French,
 Scotch and Celt.

Though we are a cosmopolitan nation, yet united do we stand;

E'en though in the past some of us may have known much grief;

We will never have to cringe under a tyrant's hand:

No; never in this Land the Maple Leaf.

BALLADS OF AN OLD SOLDIER

5

THE OLD SOLDIER SPEAKS.

Times are very slack just now; vacant positions are very few;
Why doesn't somebody build a railroad and give us something
to do;

A railroad or a Model City—they could call it Curryville—
Come on, you bloated Capitalist—let's hear from you you—
Big Bill;

They saved your precious hide—when the despoiler was at the
Gate;

Are you going to loosen up now—before it is too late?

You may ride round in your Auto—you may play your game of
stock;

But remember—but for the Boys—you'd be in a hole; They stood
firm as a rock

When the Hun let loose his poison-gas; they never gave an inch;
What's wrong with you—don't you hear us calling—are you
going to flinch?

From your duty? We hope not anyway—not while we live in
this glorious land;

Where Liberty, Fraternity and Prosperity—will again go hand
in hand.

You may go to your Club—or you may go to your delegation;
But don't forget that you're the men—to help steer this young
Nation—

To its Destiny—therefore we look to you—and we hope you will
never swerve;

Some one else should have told you this—but I guess they didn't
have the nerve.

HAPPY DAYS.

Now I have travelled some in my time and been in many lands;
I have seen all the Grand Opera players and have heard some
splendid bands;

I've been in England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Italy too;
Norway, Sweden, also Holland, Denmark Russia and Honolulu,
That's in the Hawaiian Islands, a beautiful country, that;

I've also been in Australia and was at the Gold Mines of Ballarat;
Then I went to Queensland; where it is always very warm;

From there I took a sailing-ship and sailed away through a storm.

The next place I landed in was a place they call Calcutta—
That's a City in India and it's hot enough there to melt butter;

Well, I went from there to Madras and next day I sailed for
China;

I've been Sailor, Soldier, Author, Cattle Rancher and Gold
Miner;

I've also been in the Mounted Police and had many a wild old
ride—

When I was in the Texas Rangers and carried a carbine at my
side.

BALLADS OF AN OLD SOLDIER

I remember Teddy Roosevelt and how he led us through—
At San Juan Hill—in the Spanish War—you heard of it didn't
you?

He was a great sport was Ted and also a mighty hunter;
I knew a man who looked like him; an author—Archibald
Clavering Gunter;

You never read any of his books I guess; or you would surely
know;

That he was a very clever writer; altho just a trifle slow.

I was in the Rock Mountains and I met a Grizzly bear;
I didn't wait to get acquainted; so I guess he went back to his
lair;

I had one of those Ross rifles and you know what they are—
don't you?

You've heard the story of the Princess Pats and how they swore
till the air was blue

Because their rifles jammed—they said they'd be hanged—if
they'd use them again

So they threw them away one Summer's day and gave Sam
Hughes a pain.

Now I have been in Palestine, the place where the Jews used
to be;

And I saw the old Jerusalem—it was saved by General Allenby;

I knew a Jew in Montreal; he was the finest Jew I ever met;

And I met him first on St. Catherine Street; one night when it
was wet;

I didn't have a rain coat so he loaned me one—that Jew was a
man, you bet.

I've been in Cairo, Egypt and I've been in Old Port Said; (sade)
And I've been in Dundee, Scotland, where they make good
marmalade;

Newcastle is a great town and it is situated on the TYNE;

Old Durham City is another dear old town of mine;

York is a beautiful town and so is Scarborough too;

Grimsby, Hull and Hartlepool and you see I've been in a few;

Brighton, Yarmouth, Dover, Margate and Eastbourne on the
South coast—

Are all nice Summer resorts: but Penzance and Morecombe are
the ones I like most.

New Brighton, near Liverpool is a very nice resort;

There you see the Lancashire girls and they are fond of sport;

Blackpool also is a nice place and so is old Whitehaven;

Barrow-in-Furness the shipbuilding town and a place where they
are savin'

Glasgow and Greenock on the Clyde and that is up in the North;

And also dear old Edinburgh—that is near the Firth of Forth.

I'll never forget old Aberdeen; nor yet old Berwick-on-Tweed;

Then there is the old town of Alnwick; but few miles away
indeed;

We'll come the coast to Whitby and I guess we've been all
around;

Twas a trip I'll never forget—as long as I'm above the ground.

I also went to Ireland; Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Limerick;
Queenstown, Waterford and Londonderry—Oh, dear and wasn't
I seasick?

I went to the lakes of Killarney and I kissed the Blarney stone;
I walked round the Giant's Causeway and I went down to
Athlone;

I had a ride in a Jaunting car; the driver's name was Daly;
I got mixed up in a Sinn-Fein riot and got a wallop from a
shillaylee.

And here I am in America—the land of Democracy;
The place where you feel at home—the great land of the Free;
Where men like Woodrow Wilson and like Sir Robert Borden—
Are ruling; God bless them I say; they remind me of General
Gordon.

MY LITTLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

Of sweethearts I've had many; what I'm telling you now is true
I've had English, Scotch, Irish, French and American too;
Wherever I have wandered—they always seemed to know;
That I was just the very guy; to take them to the show.

Well, boys—there was little Yvonne—she was a Parisian beaut;
Then there was little English Bessie—my but she was cute
There was Marie a French Canadian; yes and there was Agnes
too;

When they know you're after them—then they're always after
you.

Later I met Gertie—another English Miss;
And with her I spent many afternoons of bliss;
Then there was another one—it was sweet little Blanche;
I met her in the West—where her daddy owned a Ranch.

Then I went to Montreal and there walking down a lane;
I met a Scotch lassie from Dundee—she said her name was Jean;
Did we have some fun together?—well I should say yes;
Then I went to Ottawa where I met a girl named May;
She lived on Gladstone Avenue—I went there every day.

Then I went to Collingwood—that's a splendid little place;
And while working there I met a girl—who said her name was
Grace;

She told me she loved me—without the slightest doubt;
And when they tell me that—it's about time to get out;
So I left the little burg and left poor Grace in a sweat;
And I went back to Montreal and there I saw Antoinette.

She was the cutest little thing—that ever I did see;
Such deep blue eyes—such tiny feet—say; she went crazy over
me;

Then because I was boozing and I couldn't cut it out;
She gave me the hocus-pocus and called me a lazy lout.

And so we parted boys and girls and I'm sorry to this day;
But did you ever hear me tell just why I went away?
Well, I'll give you the story—so that you will know the truth;
After I fell out with Antoinette—I met a girl named Ruth;

BALLADS OF AN OLD SOLDIER

Now she was a nurse girl and took the children for a walk;
I met her in Lafontaine Park and right there we had a talk.

Now she was going with a policeman and he was a strapping fellow;

Six feet three in his pyjamas and not a tiny streak of yellow;
He was the man for Ruthie and he soon got wise to my game;
I had to get out but before I went—I told both him and his dame;
What I thought of them and so I went away and came to a place called Guelph.

Now if you don't believe what I'm going to tell you, go and see for yourself;

There's a square in front of the Post Office and a fountain on the square;

It was in the good old Summer time that I met a girl named Claire;

No; she wasn't French—she was Irish; she was a good girl though;

I went with her for a few weeks—then I met my dear little Flo.

Flo's daddy had an auto and Flo could drive it well;

One day she took me for a ride and we nearly drove to Halifax;

We just got over the tracks in time—when the train came rushing by

I thought it was all up with us and Flo began to cry;

She was so scared poor little thing—she was in trepidation;

We went right back—I was afraid that she would have a prostration.

Well I left that town soon after and journeyed to Toronto;

Say—there's a little burg that I very soon caught onto;

'Twas there in the Winter time with the mercury very low;

I was walking down Yonge Street—my how the wind did blow;

Then I met the sweetest girl that ever I did see—

I asked her what her name was—and she said my name's Marie;

She was all dolled up like a fighting cock—I said may I go with you;

She said Oui-oui—but not in French—so I said you're a bird—Cuckoo.

While I was there I met a few and believe me they were peaches;

I met them in High Park and Riverdale and also at the Beaches;

I met one in Queen's Park—she said her name was Daisy;

Say boys, d'you know that girl nearly drove me crazy;

She wanted me to go here and she wanted me to go there;

She wanted me to take her away with me, it didn't matter where.

Soon after that I left Toronto and went to Oshawa;

There I met a nice girl who introduced me to her maw;

Now that girl's name was Florence and I also met her Paw;

Well we used to go to the Park together and listen to the band;

And after that we would sit on the grass and hold each other's hand.

Well boys, I never met a finer girl in all my wandering life;

I wasn't there so very long—till she wanted to be my wife;

But I told her I couldn't afford it and so she threw me down;

I stayed there a little longer then I left that lonesome town.

I went from there to another place and that was Bowmanville;
There I met a nice girl too—she told me her name was Lill;
It would have been the same thing to me, friends, if her name
had been Lulu
That reminds me of when I was in Africa—I knew a girl who
was a ZULU.

Well, I went away from Bowmanville and arrived at Napanee;
Say, there's a little Burg that suits me to a T;
I met a nice girl there too—she told me her name was Mary;
She was quite some singer too; yes, a regular little canary;
The next place I went to friends, was a place they call Smith's
Falls;

It's a quiet little town; wide streets; clean too; as clean as the
walls
Of the Windsor Hotel in Montreal—you can believe me or not as
you wish;
Did I ever tell you about the time we went up the Gatineau to
fish.

I often told the yarn when I was in Sault Ste. Marie;
About the big fish we caught in the Gatineau—John Batisse and
me;

I'll bet it weighed a hundred pounds and gee it was awful strong;
The only thing we didn't like, was—it had hair about six inches
long;

God knows where it came from—maybe it was from Killaloo;
John Batisse was saying his prayers and I didn't know what to
do;

Well, we took it to the Museum and they said it was a Schampus;
Poor John Batisse he had a fit so I took him back to the Campus.

When in Smith's Falls I met a girl and this one's name was
Annie;

That reminds me of when I was in India and I spoke the
Hindustani;

Well this girl Annie and I had the time of our lives;
Boys if I could marry all these girls—wouldn't I have some nice
wives.

The next place I went to was a place they call Cobalt;
If you have never been there my friends—then that is your own
fault;

This Cobalt was some Silver camp—believe me; when I was
there;

You'll find the girls there very nice—if you'll only treat them
fair;

Well, I met one in Cobalt; I never met a finer girl;
She was an English beauty and she set my head in a whirl;
No, I cannot tell you her name friends—for I'm sworn to
secrecy;

It wasn't Angeline nor Genevieve—nor yet was it little Jessie;
I'll have to keep it a secret—for I swore I wouldn't tell;
She may have forgotten me now—or maybe she's married well.

I went from there to Sudbury and there's a good old place;
Lot's of fun and lots of girls, French, Irish and every other race;

I met a nice one there—it was on a Sunday afternoon;
So I asked her what her name was and she told me it was June;
We had many good times together—had little June and I;
And of course when I had to leave her—little June began to cry.
I went away from Sudbury and wandered further every day;
'Till I came to Sault Ste. Marie; which lies upon the bay;
Which lets out onto St. Mary's river if I am not mistaken;
Well, there's a good little town and it's where the steel is in the makin';

By the Algoma Steel Corporation; and it's quite a large plant too;
They employ about four thousand men of different nationality;
And the water up at Steelton is of the finest quality;
If you ever go up there my friends—I tell you it's worth going through.

But girls? Say I only saw one that ever cared for me;
And she was a French Canadian—her name was Miss Dupuis;
Her first name it was Genevieve and that's a nice name too;
But if ever you go up there friend, don't tell her that I know you.
Well, again my friends I wandered; say this wanderlust is funny;
While I was in New York I had a girl that used to call me honey;
I never thought I was like that—although I've often been called sweet;

By a many a girl in my life time—both in the parks and on the street;

Some girls down there in Brockville—once called me cutie don't y' know;

I often thought those girls were nice and I guess I was too slow.

I always was a bashful guy—my people told me so;

But if you'd met as many girls as I—then of course you would say no;

I met another little girl in Cobalt and her name it was Marie;
She wanted to get into the Movies—but her face stopped her don't you see;

She was always pulling faces—imitating Theda Bara;

'Till they put her away in the asylum—say didn't that jar her?

Some girls call me honey and some call me their dearest boy;

And some girls call me cutie and it makes me jump with joy;

My heart goes pit-a-pat though; when they tell me I'm looking fine;

Some day I'll have another girl—when I develop my gold mine (in Porcupine).

I used to know two Barmaids—way back in old Liverpool;

One was very pretty—why didn't I marry her? I guess I was a fool;

The best thing I could have done was go 'way back to school;

But look at all the fun I'd missed if I hadn't travelled round;

Wherever you may go boys, there are nice girls to be found;

When I lived in Toronto—I worked for Fairbanks-Morse;

There were lots of nice girls there too—on Munition work of course;

There were English, Scotch and Irish, Welsh and Russian, Jewesses;

French Canadians and Italians also and they all wore lovely dresses.

I'll never forget the happy days I spent up in North Bay;
 That's a good little railroad town and I was sorry to go away;
 I met a very nice girl there too—her name it was Isabella;
 I took her to the shows and everything and she went off with
 another fella;
 Then I met another one whose name it was Eliza—
 I fell out with her because—she told me I was a miser.
 I met a Russian girl in London and her christian name was Olga;
 I'm not telling you an untruth she came from the banks of the
 Volga;
 She knew how to dress and how to talk and she sure was some
 little belle;
 The stories she told me of Russia—well I wouldn't care to tell;
 Her brother was a Nihilist and they sent him up for life.
 I was sorry to hear her story and I asked her to be my wife;
 She would have consented but for her father—he was a proud
 old man;
 He was once a Hetman in Russia—but had to come down to
 hard pan;
 I believe I'll go back to Olga—she's waiting for me and she's
 true;
 And so my good friends, boys and girls, I'll say to you Adieu.
 I wish you all good luck and with your sweethearts a good time;
 I guess you'll say this is bad poetry—but I tried to make it
 rhyme;
 Of course you know I can't help it—because I was born that
 way;
 As the hired girl said when she went looking for eggs—on top
 of a load of hay.

DEAR OLD PALS OF THE NORTH.

Far from the city lights; away up in the frozen North;
 Where the miner digs for gold and the prospector sallies forth—
 To search for the lucre—for which men give their souls—
 And the Gambler bold—pursues his calling as of old.
 I met a girl and I thought she was good; but I soon found out;
 That she was one of those creatures who like to run about;
 With their faces all painted and powdered too;
 So I passed her by without saying, How do.
 You may have seen the Northern Lights and I suppose you
 might;
 But they don't look so nice down East! oh, no, they're not so
 bright—
 As they are in the North; but you've never been away from
 home;
 So you don't know what it is to wander; I've always had to
 roam.
 Because that is my Destiny and you can't get away from the
 thing—
 That seems to entice you; up to the land where the sleigh bells
 ring;

To that bleak and barren country—where they mush behind the dogs—

Huskies and Malamutes; through snow, slush, blizzards and fogs.

You've often heard of the miner and of the prospector too;

If you listen to me for a moment I'll tell a little story to you;

Of the big bush fire we had up there; which I can ne'er forget;

I just escaped by the skin of my teeth and I fancy I can see it yet.

We had been fighting fire for a week and still it came again;

It was a hundred in the shade and everybody praying for rain;

There was Big Jack Welch, our fire chief, he'd been up night and day;

Fighting; and say how he could fight; You had to keep out of the way—

When he came galloping along on his horse and he knew how to ride—

He once rode a horse up onto a hotel verandah and then rode right inside.

At last it came no power on earth could have stopped such a blaze;

Some people left town when they saw it coming—others seemed in a daze;

Some got into the lake and others were burnt right on the spot;

Where they stood; they wouldn't leave and gad the water was hot

In the lake when we jumped in and when we came out three hours afterwards—

The water was cold and we went down to the Track and made a fire with some boards.

There were many brave deeds done on that day by men like Big George Murray

And Jack Munroe, Jack Welch, Sylvester Kennedy and others that I know

They tried to save poor Billy Gore but no, he wasn't in a hurry;

He stayed on top of his house till the fire came then fell—they found his bones below.

Billy Moore lost his life that day through doing a brave thing

He got out of a canoe to make more room and telling them he could swim—

So he could; Billy never told a lie; he went down before they could bring

The canoe close enough to get him and it was a week before they got him.

There were many more I used to know; dear old pals of mine;

If you've ever been through it boys you'll know what it is to lose 'em—

And this little poem is taken from life every single line—

You will meet good pals wherever you go and you don't have to abuse 'em.

SONGS THE BOYS USED TO SING.

I'll never forget the old songs we used to sing in that Belgian Land;
 Those old favorites such as "Blighty" and "Let's all go down to the Strand"
 I'm on my way to Dublin Bay," and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny,"
 Then a Southerner would get up and sing "Mama's Little Piccaninny";
 An Englishman next gave us, "Darling I Am Growing Old";
 And a big Californian sang "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold";
 A big Scotch Highlander would get up and render "Tobermory";
 But the tears ran down his cheeks when he sang "Annie Laurie"
 Then one night big Jeffrey went out—he was one of the best;
 We planted him beneath the poppies and we sang, "Poor Old Jeff Has Gone to Rest."
 Another night when it was quiet we had another little musicale;
 Then we had "Tipperary," a song we'd sung o'er hill and dale;
 A big New Yorker got up and gave us that song, "Oui Oui, Marie";
 But we felt a thrill go through us when an Irishman sang,
 "Mother Machree"
 The Englishman would then give us "In the Gloaming";
 And a chap who had been round the world—sang, "When I'm Roaming"
 The Highlander sang the "March of the Cameron Men," in dashing style;
 And another one a West coast man—sang, "Bonnie Mary of Argyle."
 "If I Should Plant a Tiny Seed of Love in the Garden of Your Heart,"
 "The Miners Dream of Home," and "I'm Sorry We Must Part."
 Big Aleck got full of that old French wine and they put him in the coola'
 But he gave the guard no peace all night, for he sang, "Yaaka-hoola-hickey-doola";
 And little Jock the Highlander—also went off on a tear;
 And he came back singing, "The Troosers That Me Faither Used to Wear";
 And Sandy MacIntosh—he fell in love with a French Mam-selle;
 But he never could forget—"Mary Ma Scotch Blue Bell";
 What kept up their spirits the divil only knows;
 They found a nigger hugging a pig and singing, "Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose."
 A young Italian from Chicago gave us some of "Il Trovatore,"
 And a young Swiss sang a mountain song and we asked him to sing some more;
 Then a Welshman started in and sang a lot of old Welsh airs;
 Then a little Cockney sang, "When Fawther Lyde the Cawpet on the Stairs"
 Next was a young Indian from Caughnawaga and he gave us an Indian song;
 And we all sang "Just Break the News to Mother and Tell Her We Wont Be Long."

A Canuck sang one about a chap who took a girl out in his
Flivver;

Then a big Kentuckian sang, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee
River";

A Texan sang the song they call, "San Antonio";

And a fellow from Tennessee gave us, "Old Black Joe";

An East ender gave us, "On the Sidewalks of New York";

"And When I Walk with Billy, Because He Knows Just How To
Walk."

A Virginian sang us all about the "Old Folks At Home";

Then a big Alaskan sang about the dance halls up in Nome";

Again a Scotchman sang this time, "The Bonnie Banks O'
Clyde"

And "Stop Your Tickling Jock"—say, with laughing I nearly
died;

'Twas the same Highlander that sang, "Jeanne, Jeanne, My Lass
from Aberdeen."

Then after that we had a "Little Bit of Heaven," and "The
Sweetest Girl I've Seen."

Some fellows from the North sang, "Oh You Cobalt";

That's where the silver comes from, if you haven't been there
it's your fault

Then we sang, "Cheyenne," "Indiana," and "You Stole My Heart
Away";

After that we had the "Irishman's Dream," and "On the Way
to Mandalay";

We had a fine time with singing and music but we had no
dancing;

Till the Sergeant came in and said "To your posts, boys, the
Boche is advancing."

The next time we had a spell we had another sing-song there;

Some comic songs like "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning";
and "Listen to the Band,"

"Just Before the Battle Mother," also "With My Seaweed in My
Hand."

We sang "It's a Nasty Habit to Get Into," and "All For the Sake
of Finnigan";

We had a song about Niagara Falls; then we had one about
Shawinigan;

An East side Jew gave us that old one, "Down in Our Alley";

You know it "She Is The Darling of My Heart and Her Name is
Pretty Sally";

Perhaps there's some of you here who heard those dear old
ditties;

But I guess the boys are all scattered round amongst the different
cities;

Excepting those who gave their lives in the service of the King
They will never be forgotten while we're here—that is one sure
thing.

REVERIES OF AN OLD TIMER.

I'm sitting in front of the fire and smoking my old corn cob;
And thinking of the days gone by; when I could never hold a job;
When I used to be a wanderer; before I settled down for a time;
And during my wanderings I had adventures in almost every
clime;

North, South, East and West; I've been from coast to coast—
And I've sailed the seas on a windjammer, but the days that I
liked most;

Were when I was a youngster and went from place to place;
And saw many different kinds of people; No, I never forget a
face;

I've met men in London and met them again in San Jose;
I've seen men in India and seen them again on the Bay of
Biscay.

I've met fellows up in Cobalt, in Porcupine also;
And met them again in Ottawa and Montreal a year or two ago;
And some of them I met in Toronto, Winnipeg or Guelph;
Sometimes I was so drunk that I wouldn't know myself;
But I can tell you they were fine lads who liked to sing and
dance;

I met a few of them again when they were on the way to France;
Some of them are back again and others I'll never see;
They gave their lives for the Empire, they gave them for you
and me:

Big Jack Munroe from Elk Lake and Jim Welsh from Montreal;
The Pollard boys and Capt Haig; you see I remember them all;
Some of them were killed in action and finer fellows I never met;
The first time I met them was in Cobalt; wait, I'm not finished
yet;

They were in South Africa too, fighting against the Boer;
Just a moment and I'll tell you a story—then you can have the
floor;

It's my turn now and I'm going to try and roll back the years;
To the time when I left home and my poor old Mother's tears—
Were falling when she kissed me and told me to be brave;
Well, I've tried to live up to her advice—but I guess I've been
a Knave.

Although I've been up and I've been down, I never went very low;
Sometimes I've been very hungry too, but that was long ago;
Before I met the beautiful girl with whom I used to go;
She was pretty as a picture and a sight too good for me;
But of course I couldn't see it; until we parted 'neath a tree;
One Summer's night and she went home—poor thing, I broke her
heart;

I always think of Mother's advice when she told me to play a
man's part;

But now those days are gone and I can never bring them back—
I'd give my soul if I could though and I remember dear old Jack;
He was the guy she married and they're happy now I know;
And I must sit and dream of the good times we had, in the
distant long ago.

I must be getting old to think so much of the by-gone days;
But nevertheless I can see those things; as I peer through the haze—

Then there were other good boys I knew—boys who could stick to a lad;

Lots of them in the places I've been—if I could see them once more I'd be glad

But isn't it funny when a fellow's alone he gets a funny notion;
And sometimes at night he will dream that he's causing some commotion.

That reminds me of the time when we were in South Africa;
They had some wicked horses there—say mine sure was an awful kicker;

She'd try to climb all over herself and often tried to throw me;
don't you see:

You oughter seen the Western boys—they sure could ride believe me;

They roped an English fellow just for fun one day;

And dragged him well—I'd say half a mile anyway;

He had been trying to bluff them and you can't bluff those ginks;
And when they were through with him—it took him an hour to straighten the kinks;

In his back and limbs; say, did we laugh, well I guess we did, you bet;

I guess that guy didn't forget it for a while—maybe he remembers it yet;

You'll excuse me if I trouble you—but I want you to hear my tale.

I've stood on the deck of a Windjammer, when she rode before a gale;

And t. it was some experience, though it was dark and cold;

I'd sooner be up in Alaska, I think, or in Death Valley digging for gold;

A sailor's life is a jolly one, though at times you get it rough;

I'd sooner be a sailor and sail through, gale, hurricane and sleet;

Than be some of these City chaps who are afraid to wet their feet;

City life is all very well, but give me the Sea or the Trail;

And I'll be happy out there in the open, a-looking for the Grail.

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